MiS-saigon

9th to 11th February 1996, Royal Clarence Hotel, Burnham-on-Sea

"Ye Fannish Inquisition may dispense with ye Ducking Stool, and infteadt hurl ye accused one into 100 Gallons of Beft Bitter. The guilty shall float and the innocent sink..."
'BUT WHAT IF HE TRIES TO DRINK HIS WAY OUT ?!'

UM... MARTIN... OLD BUDDY... OLD PAL... WE FORGOT THE MATCHES AND SEEING AS YOU'RE THE ONLY SMOKER I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD SPARE A LIGHT...
WICHT
FETROL..

Richard Standage,
Officer of the Court of the Mercian Inquisition,

ad majorem Dei gloriam.

Dated this 9th day of February in the year of Our Lord 1996.

Dear MiSFiT,

I am writing to you this final time, Dei gratia, on behalf of Christopher "Burn'em!" Murphy, the Witchfinder General of Mercia ad majorem Dei gloriam, to ask if you wish to testify at MiS-saigon; either as a God-fearing witness for the Prosecution or a God-less witness for the Defence, in the trial of Martin Tudor, who stands accused of being a Witch, Kyrie eleison.

I am writing on behalf of both the God-less Defence and the God-fearing Prosecution and so invite testimony either in support of this just accusation or foul lies about the "pure and sober lifestyle" in defence of the Accused, the thrice-damned spawn of Satan.

Obviously at this late stage in the proceedings only verbal testimony can be accepted. I still feel obliged, however, to remind any misguided souls who *do* come forward in defence of the devil-tainted Accused that they will leave themselves open to charges of consorting with hell-spawn; seeking to hinder the holy duties of Christopher "Burn'em!" Murphy, the Witchfinder General of Mercia ad majorem Dei gloriam, and pervert the course of God's justice; and even accusations of being one of the Accused's creatures... a fiendish familiar, Kyrie eleison on their souls.

Applications to present verbal testimony will be accepted by myself or the other officers of the Inquisition, Monsignor Berry and Mother Bowles, Dei gratia, until midnight this day, the 9th day of February in the year of Our Lord 1996. If you wish to present testimony in support of the accusation or in defence of the hell-spawned Accused, please contact one of us as soon as possible. Deus vobiscum.

Yours in faith and Dei gratia,

Richard Standage

Richard Standage,
Officer of the Court of the Mercian Inquisition,
ad majorem Dei gloriam.

PETE WRIGHT
84 ALMONDSBURY ROAD
PAULSGROVE
PORTSMOUTH
PO6 4NG

The Witchfinder General
116 Shireland Road
Smethwick
Warley
West Midlands
B66 4QJ

Dated the eighteenth day of October in the year nineteen hundred and ninety five

To the Witchfinder General and Counsels for the Prosecution and Defence,

EVIDENCE FOR THE TRIAL OF MARTIN TUDOR AS A WITCH

In the name of St Gregory of Burnham (what an appropriately named place this turns out to be!), it is with the utmost humility that I offer the following evidence to the Witchfinder General and his paracletes* concerning the unghodly ways of one Martin Tudor of Ward End. The fact that he is a witch is laughably easy to prove. It was only a matter of time before he was caught. Consider, if you will, the following damning evidence.

1. *Recent instances of statues drinking milk.* During mid-September 1995 statues of Hindu gods drank offerings of milk. I suggest to this court that not only Hindu statues are capable of drinking the aforementioned lactic substance, but that statues of Martin Tudor are also capable of this magical feat. If called upon to do so, I would be delighted to demonstrate this curious phenomenon to the court. It might also be instructive to those gathered if Mr Tudor was required to drink some milk too. I'm sure that there are no records anywhere of him doing this.

2. *Manifestation of strange powers at conventions.* Even the very word 'convention' contains the letters to make the word 'coven'. Can this be coincidence? I think not! Spend some time with Mr Tudor at one of these 'conventions', and you will find that after a few pints in his company, reality begins to shift and swirl in a most unpredictable fashion unbecoming to the august and sober band of individuals who constitute fandom in the latter part of the twentieth century. I suggest that this drifting of reality is caused by Mr Tudor weaving his wicked spells in order to gain control of the cosmos.

3. *Necromancy.* Cast your mind back two years, gentle reader, and you may recall that one Steven John Green of Olton was tried, found guilty and executed for crimes against fandom. Many of you here today were witnesses to this Triumph of Justice. Steve, having been executed is, therefore, dead. Ask yourself this. How can *Critical Wave* continue to be published with Green's scrawlings gracing its pages? I'm sure that anyone who has seen him since his execution will confirm his now permanent zombie-like state. It is my contention that Tudor resurrected the corpse with his witchcraft and has this poor dead thing doing his every bidding. Yuck! With dangerous and careful research, I have discovered the method by which control over the late Mr Green's unfortunate cadaver is exerted. Tennent's Super. This evil liquid induces coma, death, zombie-like trances, illusions of flight and that sort of thing with as little as one tiny sip. It certainly tastes as if it ought to. Surely, and I appeal to your sense of compassion here, it would be a kindness to the late lamented Green if his corpse were burned in order to set his soul free once and for all. Ignore the whines, protests and persiflage of the creature masquerading as Steve (may his soul rest in peace); this is yet more evidence of Tudor's malign

* Look it up. I had to!

influence. I know that the *real* Steve's soul would be grateful for release from its torment. I'm sure you will agree.

4. *Levitation.* Does the Accused, or does he not, own this Hawkwind album? Either way, I thought this would be the case.

5. *Having worked for the Post Office.* We are all too familiar with the vile practices of the Post Office, such as the closure of all serving windows except one during lunchtime. Tudor was a part of this organization and, even if he did not actually close down these windows, he is guilty by association.

6. *Looking like a witch.* If more evidence is needed, the court needs to look no further than the cover of PR1 of this convention. There, Tudor is clearly to be seen in the distinctive pointy hat and clothing of a witch! What is worse than this, however, is that he has attempted a flimsy disguise by deliberately *not* having the word 'witch' appear anywhere on his clothing. Why would he want to pretend that he isn't a witch unless he is one? Fortunately, being right-thinking fans with minds like rapiers, we are able to penetrate this ineffectual disguise and arrive at the Truth. Would an artist of Dave Hicks' integrity even consider portraying anything other than the plain and unvarnished Truth? I rest my case.

The above evidence demonstrates beyond all shadow of a doubt that Tudor is a witch, with a perfidious influence over those close to him.

May Ghod have mercy on his soul.

Yours,

Pete

Pete Wright of Paulsgrove

Caroline Nevile,
37 Crosbie Road,
Harborne,
Birmingham,
B17 9BG.

In Support of Martin

So Martin Tudor as a witch must stand trial,
I will strongly support his denial.
Covert meetings on a moonless night
demonic curses to cause us fright,
is just not Martin's style
he has things more worthwhile,
like publishing CRITICAL WAVE,
than to satanically misbehave.
Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble
release Martin at the double
or I'll cast a spell on one and all
and you'll MiS-saigon and the ball!

- Caroline Nevile,
A loyal friend.

TUDOR BEFORE CONSORTING WITH THE DEVIL

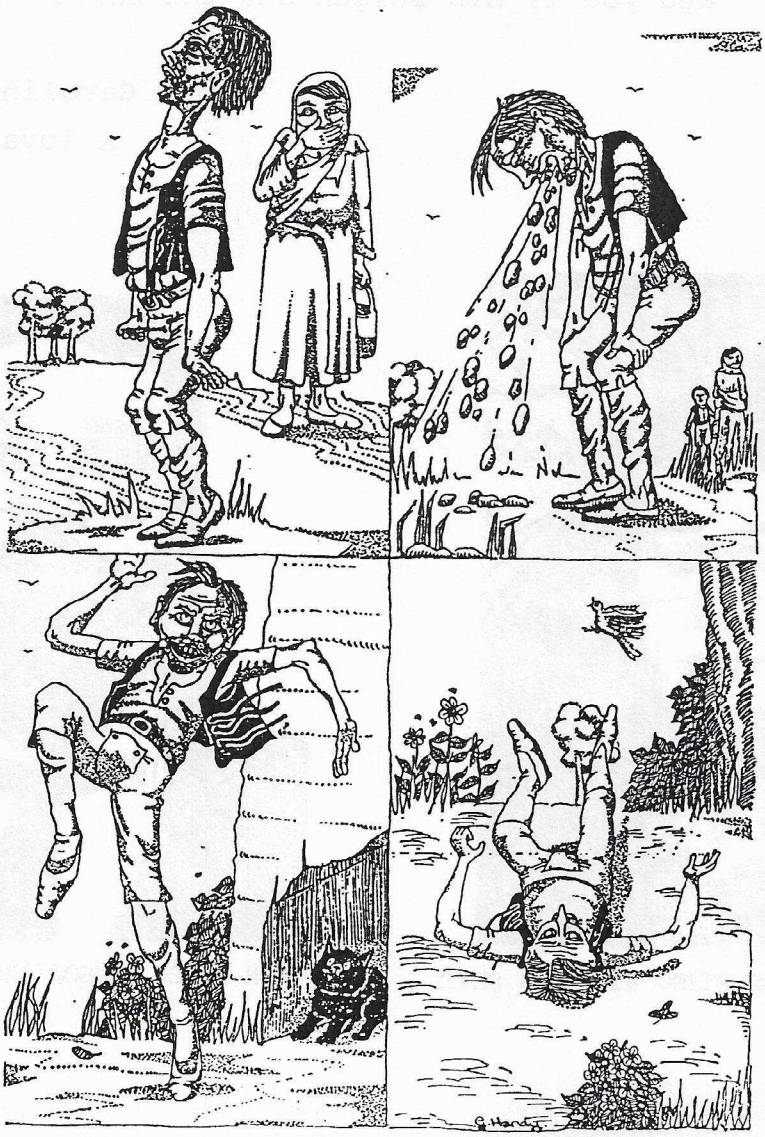
TUDOR AFTER CONSORTING WITH THE DEVIL

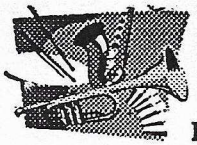
Hi Richard,

1. Martin can't be a Witch because, as everyone knows, a witch always has a cat as a familiar, and Martin is allergic to cats.

2. It's been said that Martin is a witch because he raised Steve Green from the dead after his execution here two years ago. However, Steve wasn't really executed, that was a fraud, because how can you execute someone who is brain-dead to start with. (or "dead from the neck up")

Bernie





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DAVE WOOD
1 FRIARY CLOSE MARINE HILL
CLEVEDON BS21 7QA

Dear Richard & Helena
Thanks for the "invitation" and a cheque for the required amount is enclosed in the hopes that I will be one of the 'lucky'(?) sixty to be allowed across the threshold, so to speak.

Now to more serious matters. I am somewhat surprised that a journal of such standing as MiS-saigon should print an article as shallow and superficial as Helena Bowles's The History (sic) of Witch 'Trials'. A number of cardinal errors and omissions need correcting.
Firstly, how can anyone [redacted] write on such a subject and make no mention of the great Lancashire Witch trials of 1612! The Demdikes of Malkin Tower, Anne Whittle - Chattox of Pendle, Alice Nutter of the Roughlee and the rest are too well documented in *The Wunderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster* Thomas Potts (1612), *The Lancashire Witches* William Harrison Ainsworth (1848), *Mist Over Pendle* Robert Neill, for any 'serious' scholar to have overlooked the subject.
Secondly, the fatious assertion that the persecution of witches faded in the early years of the 17th century is to ignore the second plague of witches in Pendle Forest (1633), the activities of the eleven year old witchfinder, Edmind Robinson of Wheatley, the Wigan trials of 1657, the male witch Carley of Deane in 1689, the Liverpool witches of 1667 and so on and so forth. Indeed one might mention that as late as 1837 there is reference to witch**hunts** near Blackpool.
However by far the greatest omission must be that of ARMUNT DROIT the Mercian male witch, contemporary of Dr Dee and close friend [redacted] of that arch dabbler in the black arts Edward Kelley. Well worth searching out in the 1963 reprint by SUTSAR Press (a specialist press in South Wales) of the definitive work on Droit *The Mercian Demoniack, or an Account of Strange and Dreadfull Acting in and about the body of Armunt Droit* a narrative first published in 1583 by writer and conjuror Byron Therany. Passages are worthy of quote: Droit...danced, leapt, blasphemed, sang psalms, preached, gave forth in Latin and Greek, rolled his eyes, capered in the likeness of animals, vomited stones and generally behaved like one in whom the Deuill had happily taken his abode....he would leap man high, fall down as though dead, would stretch his neck to preternatural length, turn his eyeballs backwards and talk without moving his lips.

There is no recorded date of Armunt Droit's death: indeed I understand there is a old folk-tale in the Black Country that says Armunt Droit still lives and can be glimped on dark and misty nights prowling the countryside vomiting like a hose-pipe on all who cross his path. But that must be pure whimsey!

Incidently, the Lancashire Witches were found guilty and hanged on August 19th 1612; a day and month which two of your invited guest share as their birthdate! Do you believe in reincarnation. It may be worth watching Masters Alun Harris and Dave Wood come the time!

Best ~~wishes~~

Dave Wood

PS I came across the enclosed print illustrating the Mercian Demoniack
(from "Witchcraft in Lancashire" by Kathleen Eyre)

55 Seymour Rd.,
Oldbury,
West Midlands,
B69 4EP.

Tel/Fax 0121-552-6333

5.2.96.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION OF MARTIN TUDOR, AS RELATED BY TONY BERRY.

When I first ventured along to the Birmingham Science Fiction Group some 16 years ago, I noticed a devious-looking individual propping up the bar. This person turned out to be the accused, one Martin Tudor. Naturally I avoided him, but he latched onto me and started plying me with drink. Being practically teetotal in those days, I was soon under the influence, and susceptible to his nefarious suggestions.

Before I knew it, I found myself on a Novacon committee, and my fate was sealed. Among the terrible things he did was to force me to be on the committee chaired by well-known arsehole Phill Probert, who got us all up on stage and then pissed off, dropping me right in it. Worse than this, Tudor became chairman of a Novacon, got me onto the committee again, and then resigned, making me take his place and deal with his chosen Guest of Honour, Ted bloody Tubb.

Since then, Tudor has persuaded me to be on more Novacon committees, something no sane person would do of their own volition. I therefore submit that he is able to bend people to his will by means of dark magic, aided and abetted by his cronies in the BSFG, which is now known to be an occult group (anyone who's been to a meeting will know they're dealing with the dead).

Therefore I urge that he be found Guilty of witchcraft, and suffer a suitable fate.

Tony.

TESTIMONY OF DAVID P. HICKS

#1 Unnatural influence on the career of a young(!), unassuming fan.

I spent several contented years anonymously pottering around various backwaters such as THE ORGANISATION and Diplomacy fandom, turning up at the occasional party in Birmingham, and just generally hanging around like a spare part, not really bothering anybody. However, in 1994 I was invited to MISDEMEANOUR and fell into the clutches of Mr Tudor. He filled my empty little head with strange ambitions, visions of fanzines were conjured up , photocopying facilities laid on and a mailing list provided. Before I had grasped what was happening strangers were approaching me saying "...so you're Dave Hicks..." in a knowing tone of voice, and I was agreeing to do wild and crazy things like write a - now thankfully abandoned - article on Samuel Delany and Structuralism for ATTITUDE. After putting out three issues in six months and earning Mr Tudor's praise I haven't pubbed an ish since. Burnt out at thirty-three. This is not natural.

But the horror didn't end there. In Mr Tudor's hands I was transformed into "ace fanzine reviewer Dave Hicks". In one instance this consisted of receiving a two inch thick pile of foreign fanzines with a demand that they be read and a review despatched the day before they arrived! I don't need this pressure. I am an artiste! This is not natural.

Furthermore, at Mr Tudor's behest, for purposes I'd rather not guess at, I have in the past year or so drawn at least 7 Greg Pickersgills, 6 Martin Tudors, 6 Tony Berrys, 4 Richard Standages, 4 Helena Bowleses, 2 Danesh Standage-Bowleses, a Steve Green, and sundry other fans sufficient to make about three covens' worth of graven images for Mr Tudor to practice his black arts upon. This is not natural.

Evenfurthermore, Mr Tudor also got me to produce a half passable likeness of Dan Steffan for a TAFF badge by describing how he remembered him looking five years previously down a crackly telephone line. This is not natural.

#2 Uncanny events subsequent to committee meetings.

I attended a MISCONSTRUED committee meeting in January 1995 to discuss a humourous programme item in which myself and a certain Mr Siddall were to appear. The committee's refreshments consisted of a lot of bottles of beer to keep throats fresh for all the talking that needed to be done. The beer lasted until about seven o'clock whereupon we all went to the pub and stayed there until closing time. We left at closing time, crashed out, got up, and went back the following opening time. I don't recall Mr Tudor having much to do with orange juice or mineral water in all this time, nor do I recall him ever writing anything down. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when a few days later a perfect set of minutes for the whole meeting arrived in the post. This is not natural.

Not only did these minutes contain exact details of everything discussed, but Mr Siddall and I found we had magically agreed to write á prayer for use in the event of the Blessed Gregory's canonisation. I don't remember this, Mike doesn't remember this. "It's in the minutes, so you have to do it," said Mr Tudor when we queried this. This is not natural.

(In fairness I Must point out that when we came to write the damn thing my brain seized up and all the actual words were the work of Mike Siddall, my sole contribution being "Oooooh Gregory!")

D Hicks

33 Scott Road Olton Solihull B92 7LQ

Mr Richard Standage
Officer of the Court of the Mercian Inquisition
116 Shireland Road
Smethwick
Warley
B66 4QJ

24 January 1996

Dear Mr Standage,

I write with reference to your letter of 22 December requesting I testify in the forthcoming trial of Mr Martin Tudor on charges of witchcraft. One specified accusation, I understand, is that he was involved in the resurrection of the lifeform whose name and form I have adopted following the latter's execution at MiSdemeanour in 1994 for crimes against fandom and humanity (by no means mutually exclusive).

As you are well aware, Mr Tudor was a key prosecution witness at that trial and was as aghast as anyone else present when a HardLight™ holographic duplicate of the decapitated Green was unveiled by the convention committee. Indeed, my memory bank recalls that the ceremony was performed by yourself and a Ms Helium Bowels [Caution: General Protection Fault: Potential Data Error]. As revealed in CYBERSPACE #28, all material which bears the above byline is now encoded onto disk via a PsiLink™ Mk.IV, using NecroVox™ software and a OuijiScan™ upload.

Furthermore, should Mr Tudor be found guilty and himself executed, Mr Michael J Simpson will have an excuse for cancelling his TAFF loser's party and so deprive fandom of the opportunity to drink all his beer and throw up behind his sofa.

As passionately as a digital presence can, might I urge you to think again?

Yours three-dimensionally,

Steve Green TM

****

Helena Gough,

24 Ravensbourne Grove,

off Clarkes Lane,

Willenhall,

West Midlands,

WV13 1HX.

****

Dear Witchfinder General

Martin Tudor, my beloved and betrothed, bids me write you a few lines in his commendation.

1. I can avow that he hath no copy of Hawkwind's "Levitation" in his possession.

2. I solemnly declare that he hates all cats with whom he has come into contact.

3. That although he destroyed Mr Standage's career as an accountant he did so from altruistic reasons, believing a vocation as a children's nurse to be for the greater glory and benefit of mankind.

Written in my own hand on this day 8th February in the year of our Lord 1996 by my own free volition.

Helena Gough

Helena of Gough.

To the Right Worshipful Witchfinder General from Helena of Gough.

Sire,

Excuse the haste with which this is being written - I am writing at great speed as I am afeared lest I be discovered in this act by the Accused. I have just been made aware of the charges of witchcraft brought against him when he had me write in his defence. As a true Christian I must declare that I verily believe him to be guilty of all the charges brought against him..

As part of my testimony I must briefly recount our first fateful meeting and subsequent events that led me inexorably to the sorry pass I have come to - I am dwelling in sinful union with a demon.

I was introduced to Martin Tudor by his brother Stephen. We met at a local hostelry in an area called "The Triangle" which name in itself may have satanic implications. At the time of our meeting I was a clean-living, honest woman of irreproachable reputation. I did not smoke, I was celibate and I drank little. The latter proved to be my downfall for I was plied with a noxious brew called "K" cider which had the most evil effect upon my sobriety and led me into immorality. Stephen played his part in this by purchasing rounds of drinks and I therefore submit that he should be charged with intoxicating women of previously good character and procuring them for Martin Tudor's nefarious practises.

Once I was thoroughly inebriated, Martin by some ruse managed to clasp my hands and look into my eyes. At this point I was undone - he had used the black art of hypnotism to bring me completely under his control.

I found further evidence of his sorcery when he visited my abode. I shared my dwelling with a colleague who had long outstayed his welcome. Despite my protestations he would not leave. However Martin "disappeared" him as if by magic - he left within two weeks of my first meeting with Martin.

My friends were absolutely bewildered by the sudden arrival of Martin. One such friend, Jo, actually used the expression "You're bewitched - it's as if he's set a spell on you". Indeed, the Accused actually admits to being half blind, half deaf and having one leg shorter than the other - surely I would not have fallen so violently in love with him had he not employed the black arts to bind me to him? He must have used a similar charm upon Jo for on first meeting him she exclaimed "He's wonderful! You must marry him straight away!"

I now come to the main point of my testimony. After several months in his company I know him to the spawn of Satan. The price I pay for this knowledge is that I smoke, I imbibe liqueur regularly and, God bless this poor sinner, I have had carnal knowledge of the Accused.

1. He has the marks of the devil upon his neck, his left shoulder and on his left leg.
2. He blasphemes against God regularly - particularly when using his photocopier machine or when reading bank statements.
3. Whilst travelling, he manages to bring public transport to a standstill.
4. The elements are at his command - this trial was almost postponed or cancelled due to freak weather conditions.
5. He used his supernatural powers to uncover the evidence in this trial - witness my previous testimony, dictated by him.

I must break off my testimony - I can hear him returning and tremble to think of my fate should he find me writing to you thus.

Yours respectfully

Helena Gough

Dear Witch Finder General

The evidence for Tudor's association with the forces of darkness are undisputable in my particular encounter with this evil man which I respectfully submit to the enquiry.

Many years ago I was a smart, respectable young Trainee Chartered Accountant, surely God's own profession. At the infancy of my promising career I fell within this evil man's clutches. I innocently thought that I was merely becoming his lodger and that my life would continue as before, but this was not to be for Tudor had other more sinister plans.

I guess I should have suspected when, on my third day of my residence he had me collating *Critical Wave*, that well known organ of his evil, twisted thoughts.

By the second week his claws sunk deeper when I was invited to, what was I naively assumed at the time, a quiet drink with acquaintences of his. Only then did his real powers become obvious for he introduced me to a magical potion of his devising that he referred to only as 'Murphy's'. This dark, foul liquid was to be my ultimate undoing, for this potion produced bizzare reality shifts when drunk in the large quantities that Tudor forced upon me and was thoroughly addictive!

Tudor bided his time, poisoning me with this dark brew at every opportunity until the moment arose. On the eve of my exams to gain entry to my chosen profession, Tudor's evil plotting and scheming finally bore fruit. He tempted me one last time with his evil potion, forced even larger quantities on me than usual, and reality disappeared into a thick haze. The next morning in the exam room, concentration was impossible. The aftermath of Tudor's spell split my head in two and engulfed me in nausea.

Needless to say I failed the exam and never fulfilled my ambition of wealth and untold riches. I remain destined to live the rest of my days as a pauper thanks to that evil, twisted man. May justice be done and he burn for his crimes.

Yours faithfully

Richard Standage

Richard Standage

GREG DECIDED TO DEAL WITH THE WORLDCON SWIFTLY BEFORE MOVING ONTO OTHER TOPICS...

MiS-saigon: The Programme

FRIDAY

9.00pm

"The Pub Quiz"

Catherine McAulay asks questions (projecting from her diaphragm, of course) and YOU answer them!

11.30pm

"The Fandom Game"

Simo awards points in an arbitrary manner as the *'Steves'* battle the *'As'* Team for the dubious honour of victory. (Featuring: *Steve* & Alice Lawson, *Steve* & Ann Green, *Steven* Cain & Alison Scott.

FOOD: See the Bar Menu for prices and availability.

DRINK: Yes please, a pint each for the committee.

SATURDAY

12.00 noon

"Does Size Count?"

Paul and Maureen host a debate on one of the burning literary (no, honestly!) questions of our time.

3.00pm

"Call My Clute"

Tony Berry puts the questions to the Teams in this version of the well known television show. (Featuring: John Harvey, Julian Headlong & Michael Abbott versus Eve Harvey, Jilly Reed & Pam Wells.) Many thanks to Dave Langford for the questions.

6.30pm

"The Trial of Martin Joseph Tudor Who Stands Accused of Witchcraft"

Be a devil - see if you can guess... Yup, Teflon Tudor gets his comeuppance!

10.30pm

"The Skittles Tournament"

This year we'll again be testing individuals rather than teams....

SUNDAY

12.00 noon

"DRIVEL & DROOL: the Funeral"

Mike D Siddall risks life, limb and ridicule as he explains not only why his fanzine is late, but why it will not appear at all.

1.00pm

"Win, Lose or Draw"

Steve Green puts the questions to Dave Hicks' and Sue Mason's teams.

2.30pm

"Fannish Forum"

Greg hosts a debate on a number of fannish concerns.

5.30pm

"Awards Ceremony"

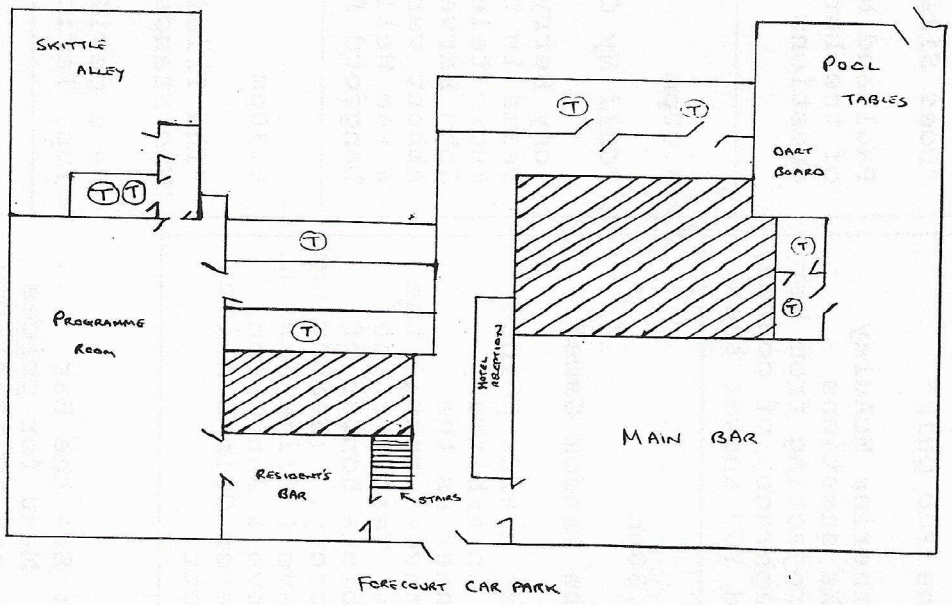
Introducing the 1998 MiScon committee, waving goodbye to the old committee and presenting the luverly prizes.

6.00pm

"Charades"

MiS-saigon: The Members

56. Michael Abbott
68. Brian Ameringen
53. Margaret Austin
1. Tony Berry
49. Meike Benzler
2. Helena Bowles
52. Carol Bradbury
51. Ray Bradbury
48. Steve Brewster
26. Claire Brialey
60. Pat Brown
61. Vernon Brown
64. Steven Cain
40. Cat Coast
27. Noel Collyer
5. Dave Cox
15. Malcolm Davies
50. Jim de Liscard
59. Simon Dearn
13. Alan Dorey
12. Rochelle Dorey
54. Martin Easterbrook
72. Lilian Edwards
19. Bernie Evans
30. Tommy Ferguson
47. Sarah Freakley
62. Helena Gough
7. Ann Green
6. Steve Green
67. Phil Greenaway
18. Kay Hancox
20. Bridget Hardcastle
33. Eve Harvey
32. John Harvey
38. Julian Headlong
39. Dave Hicks
11. Paul Kincaid
10. Maureen Kincaid Speller
16. Dave Langford
22. Alice Lawson
21. Steve Lawson
55. Sue Mason
9. Catherine McAulay
77. Jo McCahy
76. Nick Mills
69. Caroline Mullen
42. Chris Murphy
46. Caroline Nevile
36. Keith Oborn
37. Krystyna Oborn
73. Chris O'Shea
8. Greg Pickersgill
17. Mark Plummer
66. Elinor Predota
34. Jilly Reed
74. Stephen Schofield-Tudor
75. Tracy Schofield-Tudor
63. Alison Scott
41. Mike Scott
25. Mike Siddall
35. M J Simpson
14. Kate Solomon
4. Richard Standage
58. Gary Starr
29. Robert Stubbs
3. Martin Tudor
31. Glen Warminger
65. Pam Wells
71. Eileen Weston
70. Pete Weston
45. Laura Wheatley
57. Anne Wilson
28. Dave Wood
43. Alan Woodford
44. Anne Woodford
24. Ann Marie Wright
23. Pete Wright



(A ROUGH PLAN OF THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL)